



DEVOTED TO THE CAUSE OF EDUCATION, LITERATURE, MORAL AND SENTIMENTAL TALES, POETRY, &C. &C.

Vol. II.

New Haven, Conn., Saturday, January 4, 1834.

No. 20.

Miscellaneous.

The Unlooked for Return.

BY MRS. CHARLES GORE.

It would appear that nothing but the heavy progress of time—nothing but the selfish torpor of middle age—enables us to calculate the mighty ebb and flow of our spring-tide of life or analyze the clouds and sunshine of “the April climate of our years.” How little do the young appreciate the value of youth!—that brief season of vivid impressions, when mind and heart and body are alike healthy—alike untouched by the corruptions of moral nature;—when the eye sees with its own sight—the bosom swells with its own emotions;—when the love of God and of his creatures is warm and bright within us—when the scorn of the scorner has not reached our ears, nor the iron of adversity entered our soul. Rumors of wrong and evil and suffering assail us; but we reject a lesson that finds no echo in our experience. Nay, so unreal is the picture of human affliction, that we look forth and hail these shadows imparted to the imaginary landscape of life by the homilies of old, and the still more frigid lessons of written wisdom, as only intended to set forth with brighter luster the glittering points of joy and prosperity sparkling at intervals upon its surface.—“Despair” seems a mere figure of speech; “anguish” a poetical expression; and “woe” the favorite rhyme of a plaintive stanza. Ah! bitter experience!—gnawing, clinging, cleaving curse of moral sorrow!—Wherefore must thou come with thy realities of the grave and the worm, the pang of absence, the sting of disappointment, to prove that the sun can shine in vain, and the spring breathe forth its heavenly breath only to deepen the winter within our heart of hearts!

Caroline Wyndham at seventeen was the happiest creature in the world; the buoyant spirit that brightens the luster of her beauty were the results of health, prosperity, and good humor. Her father had died so early in her own life that the deprivation was unfelt; and her mother (herself a creature of impulse) was consoled for the loss by the endearments of this only daughter, a girl of singular loveliness and promise. Caroline had therefore as fair a chance of being

spoiled, as too much tenderness and tending usually afford to a human “angel,” with blue eyes, glistening ringlets, the foot of a fairy, the voice of a siren. The only child of a widow in easy circumstances, is predestined, indeed to darlinghood. The same passionate tenderness that clings to its infancy for consolation, watches over the gradual unfolding of the bud, the luxuriant bloom of the perfect flower, as if no other blossom grew amid the gardens of the earth; and if ever an all-engrossing partiality were excusable it was in the instance of Caroline, who was variously and lavishly endowed as the princess of a fairy tale. Even the one thing wanting (a deficiency calculated to waken all a mother’s anxieties) passed unregarded amid the multitude of her good gifts,—she was portionless. Mr. Wyndham was aware that a rapacious heir-male was looking eagerly to her jointure, derived from an estate rigidly entailed which she had brought forth no son to inherit; and that a paltry pittance of two thousands the savings of her frugality, was all the dowry of poor Caroline.—But what signified this want of fortune to a girl so fascinating, so admired, so courted;—whose smile was “an India in itself,”—whose price “above rubies.”

It is true that more than one manly cheek was already seen to flush, and more than one manly voice heard to tremble on the approach of her light footsteps; and Mrs. Wyndham, self-secure of a rich and illustrious son-in-law whenever it might please to relax the tenacity of her maternal embrace and part with a companion so beloved, abstained from the lessons of worldly wisdom bestowed by modern mothers upon their children. She rather anxious to delay Caroline’s choice, in order that she might keep her a few years longer wholly her own;—steal by night like a miser and gloat upon her treasure when all others eyes were sleeping;—watch every passing cloud upon her countenance, to secure her from the trivial vexations of life;—guard her, pray for her, idolize, adore, caress—luxuriate in short all the raptures of a mother’s fondness. At best it is a grievous trial to relinquish to another’s guardianship the sole object of our tenderness.

Caroline’s heart, meanwhile, was of too pure a texture to be easily excited. She had already frowned upon the suit of one

titled admirer, and was readily induced to accede to her mother’s opinion that Sir William Wildair was a mere fox hunter, and Lord Martingale a man of unsettled principles. But alas! when Arthur Burlinton arrived with his regiment at Dover where the Wyndhams were passing the bathing season, and having contrived to be presented to their acquaintance, professed a sudden faith in the infallibility of the mother, and bent a knee of adoration to herself, Caroline began to conceive the possibility of a second object of attachment. She was still submissive, still dutiful, still tender to her mother; but, in spite of remonstrances and prohibition, made no secret of her growing predilection for the handsome young devotee. At first, indeed, the prohibition was moderately expressed. It appeared impossible to the doating parent that her Caroline could cherish a wrong thought or blameable inclination; and the acquaintance was suffered to proceed from liking to love, from love to infatuation, here she uttered a decisive negative. Conviction, loud words, angry admonitions, and harsh menaces, came together;—but they came too late.

“Arthur Burlinton has not a shilling,” exclaimed Mrs. Wyndham. “He has a liberal mind,” rejoined Caroline. “Arthur Burlinton has not a grain of interest to push him forward in his profession,” said the mother. He has talent and “energy,” observed the daughter. “Arthur Burlinton is a man of low connexions.” “He has the feelings and sentiments of a man of honor.” And the spirited girl blushed while, for the first time she ventured to oppose a mother’s authority.

Mrs. Wyndham now attempted a different mode of persuasion. “My child” said she, “you have been tenderly and delicately reared. Think what it would be to me to leave you exposed to the privations of penury, to the uncertain destinies of a soldier’s wife!”—But Caroline’s heart was bright with the sunshine of youth; and though, at her mother’s bidding, she looked forth into futurity, she could regard no privation as afflicting connected with the fortune of the beloved Arthur. Penury was a mere word to a creature reared in the lap of luxury; economy a pleasing branch of minor morals; and as to the perils of a military career, her notion of

warring armies was purely historical;—the dragoons of that epoch seemed made to grace the splendid pageantry of reviews and parades. In short, her heart beat so quick whenever Arthur Burlington's name was mentioned, that she had but little philosophy at her disposal for the consideration of their mutual prospects. She wept, indeed, while listening to her mother's appeal; and Mrs. Wyndham augured wonders from her tears, without suspecting that they flowed from the consciousness of having already entangled herself in a solemn betrothment with the object of her mother's repugnance. Dreading a still more express and sacred prohibition, she even consented to fulfill the engagement by a secret marriage, Arthur having assured her that the mother who had dealt towards her with such undeviating indulgence, could not and would not withhold her benediction from a vow already solemnized. And so far he was right in his calculations; Mrs. Wyndham *did* consent to bless the penitent bride; she *did* extend her hand in pledge of peace to her unwelcome son-in-law; she *did* even hasten to slay the fatted calf, and make merry in honor of these illomened nuptials. But there was a tone of bitterness in her voice, and a glance of anguish in her eyes throughout all these rejoicings:—it was plain that she was laboring to spare the feelings and the good name of her rebellious girl. Within a few weeks she sickened, died, and was buried, without any ailment beyond the secret pang, betraying—

How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
To have a thankless child.

Perhaps of the three, Arthur Burlington was most to be pitied. He knew himself to be the active cause of Caroline's disobedience, the passive cause of Mrs. Wyndham's untimely end; and whenever he sat watching the tears that stole down the cheeks of his wife, seemed to note anew that mournful waive of the dying mother's head, which was ever present in the daughter's memory. His means were too small to afford to the delicate Caroline those luxuries or rather necessities of her station, which the loss of her cheerful home now rendered doubly necessary; and worse than all, his own parents were still living, and far more bitterly incensed by his improvident marriage, than the mild and affectionate woman whom it had hurried to the grave. The letter, in which they acknowledged the avowal of his rashness, was in fact, of too harsh and sordid a nature to be shown to his wife. She was aware that her Arthur's father was a man of mean extraction, engaged in a manufacturing town; that he had placed his handsome son in a hussar regiment, in the hope that he would achieve greatness and have greatness thrust upon him, both professionally and matrimonially; but she did *not* know that on learning Arthur's alliance with a portionless girl instead of the heiress anticipated by his

cupidity, he had rendered a curse for a blessing, and forbidden the young couple his house.

For some time Captain Burlington managed to persuade his wife that the peremptory nature of his military duty alone prevented him from introducing her to his family; and she, who was so accustomed to endearments of family affection, vainly sighed after those unknown parents, who she trusted, would some day or other deign to replace her own lamented mother. But she was not yet fully sensible of the importance of that bereavement. It is in the day of our humiliation, rather than in the triumph of our pride, we turn our hearts to God; it is in our season of sorrow, rather than in the fullness of prosperity, we miss the tender hand that sheltered our infancy from harm, and wiped away the transient tear of youth. When herself on the eve of becoming a mother, when "fear came upon her soul," she recollected the possibility that the little being about to see the light might see it motherless; and wept anew for that kind parent who would have loved and sheltered her babe for her sake. Then, for the first time a terrible sentence seemed whispered in her ears—"That tender mother is in her grave;—and thou, even thou, didst lay her there!"—

Fortunately, her evil auguries were premature; she survived to press a living child in her arms. But even the joy of that most joyous hour was damped by the same morbid self-upbraiding. While she listened in ecstasy to the feeble wail of her infant, and felt her heart grow big with rapture beyond the relief of tears, beyond the expression of words—the thought glanced into her mind that—"Even so *thy* mother rejoiced in thy birth; thy mother, whom thou didst hasten to the grave?"

It was in vain that Arthur attempted to combat this afflicting notion. Whatever evil awaited her, Caroline's first impulse was to recognize the blow as a chastisement for her disobedience; and from the period—and it came but too soon—when poverty made itself apparent in their little household, she seemed to feel every privation and every humiliation as a sacrifice due to the memory of the departed. She struggled, indeed, against such evils as operated against the comforts of Arthur and his child as well as against her own; labored diligently, and laid aside all the daintinesses of her gentle breeding.—She felt that no task could be degrading to the hand of the mother or the wife; learnt to limit her hours of rest, to habituate herself to activity; and, but for that one corroding reminiscence of filial rebellion, would have been happier than in the days of her more brilliant fortunes. Arthur was a man of simple tastes, of high honors, of intellectual pursuits, of equable temper; and above all, of the most generous and ample devotion to herself; and with such a companion, how could his wife be otherwise than happy, and proud of her destiny?

A second year brought a second child, to diminish their stock of comforts, and amplify their sense of happiness. But although Caroline was patient and cheerful throughout all their domestic vexations, her husband had no longer fortitude to mark the wasting of her beautiful form, the sharpening of her lovely features. He saw that she was overtaken, feeble, and sinking under the excess of her exertions; and hastily penning a letter to his father, describing in vivid colors the weakness and sufferings of his wife, and asked but for as much pecuniary aid as would afford her an additional servant.—*He was refused!* "A woman who could break the heart of her mother to gratify her own selfish predilections, deserves to reap the punishment of her disobedience," wrote Mr. Burlington to his son. "And he is right!" ejaculated Caroline, who was not only present at the arrival of the letter, but as usual too near her husband's heart to be kept in ignorance of its contents. "My mother forewarned me against the miseries of poverty and want. It is but just that I should fulfill the denunciation incurred by my ingratitude. He is right."

In one point, however, poor Mrs. Wyndham's prophecies proved utterly erroneous. She had foretold that amid the humiliation of poverty, domestic disunion would be engendered; that Arthur, deprived of the diversions and enjoyments of his bachelor life would become discontented and fractious; that love would be embittered into hatred by the potent drug of disappointment. But of this, at present, no symptom appeared; and it was perhaps the deep humility of poor Caroline, the touching and gentle penitence with which she kept holy the memory of her mother, and amid all her trials preserved the reminiscence of her filial rebellion as the darkest and worst, that rendered him doubly apprehensive of inflicting a single thorn upon a heart already deeply lacerated. His tenderness, so far from abating, increased with every comfort he was compelled to renounce for her sake; and a mortification by the augmented vigilance of his attention to her wishes.

"We must be cheerful, love!" Caroline would exclaim, suddenly arousing herself from a reverie of deep despondency in which the brilliant picture of her prosperous youth had arisen like a phantom from a tomb; "we must not wither the hearts of our girls by the premature spectacle of affliction. The eye of a child should gaze upon nothing but gladness; its ear should drink in nothing but joyous sounds; its little heart should not be chilled under the shadow of sorrow. Arthur, do you remember how gay I was when you first knew me?—do you remember how impossible I found it to believe in the reality of misery? My mother (my poor mother, whom I destroyed) suffered no trouble to approach me. She chose that my youth should be bright as the summer sunshine; that my heart should cherish her image connected

only with remembrances of tenderness and enjoyment. Let it be so with our children, Arthur. Let us shut up our miseries within our own bosoms; let them not already suspect the existence of grief and pain.—Smile, dear Arthur, smile—in spite of all our troubles we have riches and joys and compensations beyond the common lot of men; strong mutual affection, unswerving mutual confidence, and fervent trust in the mercies of heaven. So long, dearest, as I can hold your hand in mine—so long as I see those approving eyes bent upon all my doings—so long as I can lay down my head to rest and hear you breathing in the dead of night, mingled with the murmurs of my children—I dare not commend my destiny to the interposition of Providence. I have still blessings to be thankful for, of which I must not peril the loss by seeming thanklessness. Let us be cheerful, Arthur; let us smile and be cheerful!”

But the period now approached in which to smile and be cheerful was beyond the efforts of a father and a husband. War was declared! and just as habits of strict economy enabled them to limit their wants within their narrow income, and provide for the necessities of four living beings out of a pittance that had barely sufficed the luxuries of one, the prospect of leaving three of the number friendless and destitute, darkened for the first time the hopes of professional advancement. The big round drops rose on the forehead of the father of the little family, when he contemplated those perils which could only abbreviate for himself the bitterness of a blighted career, but which might render his wife a widow—his children fatherless. His two girls were now old enough to comprehend and report the rumors of the barracks; and it was not many days after intelligence arrived, that the regiment was among the first destined to foreign service, that little Caroline echoed the dreadful tidings in her mother's sick room. Mrs. Burlington had been for some weeks an invalid, and this blow was too much for her enfeebled frame. Delirium was added to indisposition; and the gallant soldier, who felt the impossibility of turning a deaf ear to the summons of honor, even though it claimed him from the bedside of a dying wife, had the misery of imprinting a parting kiss on lips unconscious of his departure; on lips, which amid all their feverish debility, refrained not from incoherently repeating, “Even as *she* threatened, so let it be!—The curse is upon me—No parental blessing hallowed our union. She said it would destroy her, if I wedded with a soldier. I murdered my mother, and now I must die broken-hearted, and atone the crime.”

She did not, however, die—no, not even when, on the gradual restoration of her reason she found she could no longer clasp that hand in hers—no longer sun herself in that approving smile—no longer in the stillness and darkness of night, listen for the light breathing of the bosom she loved, and feel

that strong arm of defense still secured her against all earthly enemies. Now all was silent—a blank—a chill—all hopeless.—She had nothing left but two helpless children weeping for their father, and the bitter memory of her own filial ingratitude.

“I must struggle against this overpowering weakness,” faltered poor Caroline, when she remembered how ill she had been—how friendless and destitute she was.—And she rose from her sick bed and wrestled with her despair, and by dint of fixing her eyes resolutely and trustfully upon a single bright speck far in the distance—upon the blessed moment of Arthur's return to her arms after the long desolate period of absence, she managed to keep the life-blood warm within a heart which sorrow had nigh transfixed to marble.

Children are sorry comforters in the house of mourning. They ask for the dead—they ask for the absent: they recall the past, and conjure up endless associations which wound as with an unseen weapon. Caroline could no longer endure even the mention of her husband's name; and yet there was no hour of the day in which these unintentional tormentors did not hazard some conjecture respecting “poor papa,” or an inquiry into the nature and dangers of military duty. “Mother, mother!” the helpless mourner would murmur amid her prayers, “very heavily do I atone my disobedience to thy will—very bitterly do I experience the anxieties of a soldier's wife. Intercede for me, mother, that I may be released from this overwhelming trial.”

Ill indeed can we appreciate the ordering of our own destinies! A time was approaching when she would look back upon that period of suspense as one of comparative happiness; when the bitterest struggle of her terrors would seem preferable to the dull, dead, sullen torpor of her despair.—Despatches came which set every heart in motion throughout the kingdom; many with the convulsive throb of affection—few with a tremor of emotion equal to hers.—The blow was decisive—the worst was over at once. Captain Burlington was reported among the slain. Her mother's manes were fully appeased—she had nothing more to suffer. Arthur was gone—**KILLED—dead!**—Oh! could he indeed be dead—that bright, that buoyant, animated noble soldier? Yes; many an officious voice already hailed her as a widow—she who had so rejoiced, so gloried, so triumphed in the name of wife! Poor, poor Caroline!

The rich have hosts of comforters.—Watchful eyes surround the silken canopy, and sympathising hearts wait on the afflictions of the prosperous. Burlington's widow and orphans wept unheeded. A surly landlord alone intruded upon their wretchedness; and in the depth of her despair, the mourner found that it was by her own exertions her children must be arrayed in the outward tokens of sorrow. There was an officious murmur buzzing in her ears of “respect to the memory of the dead;” and

she recollected that the world demanded vain formalities of attire in evidence of that hallowed feeling.

“Behold now and see!—was there ever sorrow like unto her sorrow?” Her own—her only!—he for whom she had sacrificed her earthly prosperity, her self-respect, her first and paramount duty of filial obedience—gone—gone for ever! dead—in the crush of battle, without one tender word from those he loved, without the consolations of religion—the hallowing blessing of his parents. His very grave was amid those of undistinguished multitudes—unconsecrated by priestly prayer—by the still more holy tear of kindred affection! “Surely I have now expiated all,” said she, meekly folding her hands on her bosom. She was too woe-struck for tears, too friendless for human consolation.

Yet Caroline dreamed not of death as a refuge from her miseries. She knew that she had no right to long for the quietude of the tomb; that her children called upon her with an unsilenceable voice, to arise and gird on her strength, and fight for them in the harsh warfare of the world; and moreover she had recently become aware of a startling fact; that she was again to become a mother. A shiver of agonizing delight agitated her whole frame at the thought. Julia and Caroline were the images of herself, and had been doubly endeared by their poor father by that resemblance. But the little being still to come might perhaps resemble him: perhaps recall in its living features that beloved countenance which she now wasted hour after hour in striving to recall in unimpaired luster to the eye of memory, and which some busy fiend seemed intent on obliterating from her recollection. The first tears that burst from her eyes after reading that dreadful gazette, sprang forth at the hope thus mercifully presented.

The new trials and duties by which Mrs. Burlington was now unexpectedly surrounded, inspired her with a desperate resolution. She determined to throw herself on the mercy of Arthur's obdurate father and mother, lest she should die, and leave his children homeless and helpless pilgrims in the wilderness. She went to them—humbled herself before them—appealed to them as from her husband's grave; confessing her own fault and praying that it might be her's to atone it by the utmost anguish of mortal suffering, provided her innocent children were exempt from the sentence. The hearts of the two old people relented; they consented to receive the friendless creatures beneath their roof. At first indeed they bore her presence with reluctance; but there was no resisting her silent, patient, unrepining sorrow. It was useless to upbraid her. They saw her self-recrimination was severe and unceasing; that two only thoughts occupied her mind—the memory of her offence towards her mother, the memory of her tenderness towards her husband. She had no longer any care for

her children. *Their* destinies were secured; she had solemnly bequeathed them to the protection of Arthur's parents; to the still holier keeping of their heavenly father and her own.

It is written, that there shall be joy in the darkened chamber of travail "when a man child is born into the world;" eager congratulations are heard—and even the mother's feeble voice has an inflexion of triumph. But there were deep sobs by Caroline's couch when the grandmother announced that a son was added to the orphans; and her own accents had a sort of stern solemnity in them when she replied—"Let his name be called Arthur, in memory of the dead."

From that hour, however, her strength strengthened, and her courage grew firmer. "I am now the mother of Burlington's boy," she would sometimes say, in an exulting voice. And then her exultation melted into tears, as she hung over the nestling infant, and strove to trace its father's features in its face; and unconsciously looked round, as it to meet the expectant smile of fatherly tenderness with which the gratified husband had greeted the birth of his elder children. "He has no father!" ejaculated the poor heart-riven widow, as she clasped the little tender being closer to her bosom; "but I will love him so that he shall never feel himself an orphan. And who—who will love and cherish me? I destroyed my own fond mother; and Arthur was taken from me in retribution for the crime."

Let no one presume to say "I have drained the cup of bitterness to the dregs;" dark as the night may be, the avenger has storms in his hand to deepen a thousand fold its murky obscurity. The chances of war, which deprived poor Caroline of the father of her children, now began to operate fatally on the fortune of the elder Burlington.—The branch of commerce in which his funds were vested was affected even to utter ruin; and he and his aged wife, now reduced to a narrow provision, were chiefly dependant on the labors of the daughter-in-law so long rejected, so humbly submitted to their arbitrary will. A nursing mother, a grieving widow, she still found leisure to supply to them the ministry of servants they could no longer command, and to bear unmurmuring the utmost irritation of their peevishness. "They are Arthur's parents" whispered she to herself; "to work for them is a duty he has bequeathed me.—Other duties I have outraged—let me not be remiss in this!" If her spirit flagged in the execution of her task, it was enough for her to contemplate awhile the sweet face of her boy, and it seemed as if her husband's soul was shining out from his eyes, and inciting her to industry "God will at length forgive me," thought poor Caroline. "If I labor diligently to honor his father and mother, my days will be long in the land, to watch over my orphan children."

The summer came again—the second

that put forth its unheeded blossoms since Arthur last called and placed them in her bosom; and Caroline persuaded the old man whom bankruptcy had now released from his duties, to remove with her to a small cottage on the coast, near the well known spot where she had first beheld his son. They dwelt there together, if not without repining, without upbraiding.—The old people blessed her with their tenderest blessings; and the children grew and grew, and promised to do honor to their father's name.

One evening, a glowing afternoon in June, when the beauty of the earth seems shining on the eye of affliction as if in mockery of its tears, the little family was assembled in the one lowly apartment; Caroline with her infant on her knee, the elder girl rehearsing in the ear of her grandfather one of those beautiful lessons of scriptural wisdom to which the bereaved turn yearningly for consolation. It was the raising of Lazarus!—and when the gentle child came to the words, "Lord! hadst thou been here my brother had not died," the scalding tears dropped from the widow's eyes upon the little face that smiled up into her own. A strange object had attracted the infant's eye—even the figure of an officer who stood transfixed at the open door. A cry of madness burst from Caroline's lips. The girls called loudly on the name of their dead father. The aged people alone were self-possessed to see that it was no apparition, but a breathing form of flesh and blood that stood before them.

"Caroline, my blessed wife!" cried the hoarse voice of the happy Arthur. "My wounds and my imprisonment alone caused me to be reported among the slain. I have returned to you rich—promoted!—Nay, turn not your face from the infirm veteran who comes to be nursed and caressed among you, and to leave you no more!"

It were vain to describe the delicious agony of that meeting—the transition from such sorrow to such joy is not a thing for words. Even Caroline could only murmur in thanksgiving, "My prayers are heard! Heaven and my mother have accepted my sacrifice, and pardoned my transgression."

A TALE-BEARER is a physical curiosity. His corporeal organization, not less than his mental structure, must be different from Zeno's pupil, who had two ears and but one mouth. He is an animated sieve—a walking funnel—a canal of communication; but, unlike that sometimes useful medium, he is never either sluggish or stagnant. But, like water which occasionally is so, he generates miasma, and propogates disease. He is as pestiferous as a fen in the dog days, or a tallow-melter's on a Monday. If simplicity enter him, it comes out compound; if purity, a drug or a puddle. He is an echo which hears—and doubles,—and a whispering gallery; for if you address him in secret, in the market-place he will tell that you did so.

From Wilson's "Isle of Palms."

The Unknown Isles.

Oh! many are the beauteous isles,
Unknown to human eye,
That, sleeping 'mid the ocean smiles,
In happy silence lie.
The ship may pass them in the night,
Nor the sailors know what a lovely sight
Is resting on the main;
Some wandering ship who hath lost her way,
And never, or by night or day,
Shall pass these isles again.

There, groves that bloom in endless spring,
Are rustling to the radiant wing
Of birds, in various plumage, bright
As rainbow hues, or dawning light.
Soft falling showers of blossoms fair
Float ever on the fragrant air,
Like showers of vernal snow,
And from the fruit trees, spreading tall,
The richly ripened clusters fall
Oft as sea breezes blow.

The sun and clouds alone possess
The joy of all that loveliness;
And sweetly to each other smile—
The live-long day—sun, cloud and isle,
How silent lies each sheltered bay!
No other visitors have they,
To their shores of silvery sand,
Than the waves, that murmuring in their glee,
All hurrying in a joyful band,
Come dancing from the sea.

Counsellor Costello.

While the celebrated Costello, was in his zenith, at the Irish bar, he was unrivalled for wit, acuteness, and propensity for brogue. His practice lay considerably in the criminal courts, where, by his ingenuity, he enabled many deserving culprits to evade the well-earned punishment of the law. He was one day summoned to Newgate in a great hurry, and in a case of great emergency. The safe or strong box of the bank of Glendowr & Co., had been plundered to an immense amount. Suspicion had fallen upon the deputy cashier, who was in consequence arrested and sent to prison, inside of the walls of which he had not been ten minutes, before he was advised by his fellow prisoner to send for Counsellor Costello, who would, if any man could, save his life. It was in obedience to this summons, that the Counsellor repaired to Newgate.

"I am told you are committed for purloining ten thousand guineas, my dear?" said the Counsellor as he entered the cell.

"I am."

"Are you guilty?"

"Sir!"

"Have you the *Arragaun sheese*?"

"I don't understand you."

"Did you do the thing?"

"Sir you insult me by your suspicions!"

"Then you'll be hanged!"—and the Counsellor took his hat.

"Hold, sir," said the prisoner—who after a little hesitation confessed that he was able to pay the Counsellor a thousand guineas, if he should procure his acquittal. The bargain was struck, and the Counsellor took his leave.

Costello immediately repaired to the Crown Office, as it was then called, in Dublin, from which his client had been commit-

ted. The sitting magistrate was still on the Bench.

"Good morrow, Mr. Alderman," said the Counsellor, as he entered, "is there any thing new to-day—any thing stirring in my way?"

"Yes, a most extraordinary case has occurred. One of Glendowr's clerks has abstracted from the strong box of the bank, ten bags, each containing one thousand guineas in gold. He was arrested this morning; some of the property was found on him, and has been sworn to. I sent him to Newgate about half an hour since, and he'll certainly swing after the next commission," (Old Bailey Sessions.)

"The property sworn to! Why zounds! how can that be? One guinea is like another, and"—

"True, true; but with the guineas, the fellow stole some foreign gold coins—one of which, a broad Dutch piece, was found on him when he was arrested—it has been identified by the chief cashier; so you will admit he has no chance of escape. Here it is"—and he handed the coin to the Counsellor.

Costello took the piece of money into his hand, looked at it most attentively, turned it in his hand, and, after considering it with the air of a virtuoso, returned it to the Alderman, with "Upon my conscience, as clear a case as ever I met." After some unimportant conversation, he withdrew, went home, and by the packet which sailed that night, he despatched a trusty messenger to Amsterdam, with certain instructions, and a strict injunction to be back in Dublin, within three weeks, at the end of which, the commission of Oyer and Terminer was to commence. The man succeeded in the object of his mission, and returned to Dublin on the very morning of the day appointed for the trial of his master's client.

The prisoner was put upon trial. The principal cashier of Glendowr & Co. proved the circumstance of the robbery, as narrated by the Alderman, to Costello; adding that the robber (who could be none but the prisoner) had substituted ten bags of of half pence for those of gold, which he had stolen. The Dutch piece was then handed to the witness by the counsel for the prosecution; he unhesitatingly identified it as the property of his employers. The evidence was deemed conclusive—the prisoner's countenance changed; the jury indicated by their gestures that they were satisfied; the witness was descending from the table, when Costello exclaimed—

"Stop, young man, a word with you. I will thank you for that gold piece, Mr. —," (to the counsel for the prosecution, who handed it to him.) He looked at it, rubbed it on the sleeve of his well worn coat, and then turning to the witness, said, holding the piece of money in his fingers—"and you positively swear this is the identical piece of gold which was in the strong box of Glendowr & Co.?"

"I do."

"Have a care young man: look at it

again," said Costello, offering it to the witness, but letting it fall into his hat, which lay before him on the table. "I beg your pardon," said he, taking it up and handing the coin to the witness—

"You are sure that this is the identical piece of money?"

"I am."

"You are positive? Look at it again."

"I do; and swear it is the identical piece."

"And *this*?" said the Counsellor, taking another and a similar one from his hat.

The witness was petrified.

Costello had at the Crown Office impressed upon his mind the date and effigies of the gold piece shown him, and it was to procure some similar coins, that he had sent to Holland.

"And *this*?" continued he—"and *this*?" and *this*?" taking a fresh piece from his hat at each question.

The witness was struck dumb. The prisoner was immediately acquitted.

SUGAR.—This is a most nourishing substance in nature. It affords more nutriment than meat.—It enters into the composition of most vegetables and abounds in beet, mutton, apple and others which are most palatable. It seems requisite for the sustenance of animal life, and sailors who are compelled to subsist only on salted meats without vegetables, are afflicted with disease. Crews of vessels have subsisted on it during times of scarcity, and in such cases it has cured the scurvy. The first settlers of this country in order to obtain it, used to boil up the chips of the walnut trees, which they had cut down. The Indians on their long journeys, prefer it to any other food, because it will not corrupt, and they mix it liberally with their powdered Indian corn. The juice of the sugar cane is so pleasant, healthy, and nourishing, that all the people in the south employ it.

The healthy negroes become robust, and the feeble recover their health by its use.—Cattle, to whom the tops are given, grow fat, horses thrive upon it, and are said to be fond of it, while pigs and poultry fatten on the refuse. It is said that the plague has never appeared in those countries where it is most used. It is of great use to correct the acidity, and acerbity of other articles of food. It should be used with tea especially by the nervous, the weakly, and the sedentary, to prevent its deleterious effects.—Loaf sugar, the finest of sugars, is frequently ordered by physicians, as a nutritious substance, and we have known individuals who like Cassius had a "lean and hungry look" to correct their habits by the use of sweet articles, and become corpulent and healthy.—*Boston Traveler.*

HYMENIAL HINTS.—Never let love attract you by a lot of genealogy; it is always the concomitant of a lank purse.—They who have to support a long list of dead ancestry, are rarely able to support themselves. Where there is much pride there is much poverty.

CHINESE BAROMETER.—The Chinese measure the irritable feelings of the English by the quantity of China broken in a year. A historian of the celestial empire, remarks, "the merchants of Canton make the sale of their brittle ware the barometer of European passions, and as often as the sale augments, they say that the last year has been a passionate one in England." Since the demand for their ware has been lessened by the manufacture of a substitute in Great Britain, they say the English have subdued their anger and have no more matrimonial strife, and seldom breaks cups and saucers.

REVOLUTIONARY ANECDOTE.—At the battle of Eutaw, or the Cow Pens in South Carolina, a British field piece was so stationed as to annoy the Americans exceedingly, and it was very desirable to silence it. Accordingly Col. Howard called on Capt. Anderson, and said to him, "Anderson, we ought to take that piece of artillery," pointing to it, "for it annoys us very much." Anderson, without waiting for orders marched to the muzzle, followed by a file of men, and fixing his espartoon in the ground, with a sudden leap stood upon the cannon, and drove his espartoon through the man who was just prepared to apply his match to the touch hole. His men followed immediately, and bayoneted the matrosses, until it was completely in the possession of the Americans. This gallant exploit was of great importance, as it turned the fortune of the day, in favor of the sons of liberty.

The crooked streets of Boston are proverbial. Not many years since, the town of —, sent a new representative to the General Court, who had never been in that city of tortuosities. He started at the customary time to go to the capitol, to watch over the interests of his constituents, who were not a little surprised at seeing him back in less than a fortnight after he set out. On being asked the cause of his return, he replied, that he "staid in the city ten days—wore out his boots—eat up all his bread and cheese—could not find the State House—and so he thought, it was best to return, and report progress.—*New Bedford Gaz.*

A BLUSH.—What a mysterious thing is a blush! that a single word a look, or a thought, should send that inimitable carnation over the cheek, like the soft tints of a summer sunset! Strange, too, that it is only the face, the human face, that is capable of blushing! The hand or the foot does not turn red with modesty or shame, any more than the glove or the sock which covers it. It is the face that is the heaven of the soul! There, may be traced the intellectual phenomena, with a confidence amounting to moral certainty. A single blush should put the infidel to shame, and prove to him the absurdity of his blind doctrine of chance.

The Complaint of the Dying Year.

AN ALLEGORY—BY JANE TAYLOR.

Reclining on a couch of fallen leaves, wrapped in a fleecy mantle, with withered limbs, hoarse voice, and snowy beard, appears a venerable old man. His pulse beats feebly, his breath becomes shorter: he exhibits every mark of approaching dissolution. This is old Eighteen hundred and thirty three, and as every class of readers must remember him as a young man, rosy and blithesome as themselves, they will perhaps feel interested in hearing some of his dying expressions, with a few particulars of his past life. His existence is still likely to be prolonged a few days by the presence of his daughter December, the last and sole survivor of his twelve fair children. But it is thought the father and daughter will expire together. The following are some of the expressions which have been taken down as they fell from his dying lips:

"I am," said he, "the son of old father time, and the last of a numerous progeny; for he has had no less than five thousand eight hundred and thirty three of us; but it has ever been his fate to see one child expire before another was born. It is the opinion of some, that his own constitution is beginning to break up, and that when he has produced a hundred or two more of us, his family will be complete, and then he himself will be no more."

Here the old year, called for his account book, and turned over the pages with a sorrowful eye. He has kept, it appears, an accurate account of the moments, minutes, hours, and months, which he has issued; and subjoined, in some places, memoranda of the uses to which they have been applied, and of the losses he has sustained. These particulars it would be tedious to detail, and perhaps the recollection of the reader may furnish them as well or better. But we must notice one circumstance. Upon turning to a certain page in his accounts, the old man was much affected, and the tears streamed down his furrowed cheek as he examined it. This was the register of the fifty Sundays which he had issued, and which of all the wealth he had to dispose of, has been, it appears, the most scandalously wasted. "These," said he, "were my most precious gifts. I had but fifty-two of them to bestow. Alas! how lightly have they been esteemed!" Here upon referring to certain old memoranda, he found a long list of vows and resolutions, which had a particular reference to these fifty-two Sundays. This, with a mingled emotion of grief and anger, he tore into a hundred pieces, and threw them on the embers, by which he was endeavoring to warm his shivering limbs.

"I feel, however," said he, "more pity than indignation towards these offenders, since they were far greater enemies to themselves than to me. But there are a few outrageous ones by whom I have been defrauded of so much of my substance, that

it is difficult to think of them with patience; particularly that notorious thief, Procrastination, of whom every body has heard, and who is well known to have wronged my venerable father of much of his property.—There are also three noted ruffians, Sleep, Sloth, and Pleasure, from whom I have suffered much: besides a certain busy-body called Dress, who, under pretence of making the most of me, and taking great care of me steals away more of my gifts than any two of them.

"As for me, all must acknowledge that I have performed my part towards my friends and foes. I have fulfilled my utmost promises, and been more bountiful than many of my predecessors. My twelve fair children have, each in their turn, aided my exertions; and their various tastes and dispositions have all conduced to the general good. Mild February, who sprinkled the naked boughs with delicate buds, and brought her wonted offering of early flowers, was not of more essential use than that rude blustering brag, March, who, though violent in his temper, was well intentioned and useful. April, a gentle hearted girl, wept for her loss, yet cheered me with many a smile.

May came crowned with roses, and sparkling in sunbeams, and laid up a store of costly ornaments for her luxuriant successors; but I cannot stop to enumerate the good qualities and graces of all my children. You, my poor December, dark in your complexion, and cold in your temper, greatly resemble my first born, January; with this difference, that he was most prone to anticipation, and you to reflection.

If there should be any who upon hearing my dying lamentation, may feel regret that they have not treated me more kindly, I would beg leave to hint, that it is in their power to make some compensation for their past conduct by rendering me service during my few remaining days." "Let them testify the sincerity of their sorrow by an immediate alteration in their behavior. It would give me particular pleasure to see my only surviving child treated with respect; let no one slight her offerings; she has a considerable part of my property still to dispose of, which, if well employed, will turn to good account. Not to mention the rest, there are two precious Sundays yet in her gift; it would cheer my last moments to know that these had been better prized than those which are gone. It is very likely that at least after my decease, many may reflect upon themselves for their misconduct towards me; to such I would leave it as my dying injunction, not to waste time in unavailing regret; all their wishes and repentance will not recal me to life. I shall never, never return! I would rather earnestly recommend that they regard my youthful successor whose appearance is shortly expected. I cannot hope to survive long enough to introduce him; but I would fain hope that he will meet with a favorable reception, and that, in addition to

the flattering honors which greeted my birth, and instead of the fair promises which deceived my hope, more diligent exertions and more persevering efforts may be expected. Let it be remembered that one honest endeavor is worth ten fair promises."

Having thus spoken, the Old Year fell back on his couch, nearly exhausted, trembling so violently as to shake the last shower of yellow leaves from his canopy. Let us all haste to testify our gratitude for his services, and repentance for the abuse of them, by improving the remaining days of his existence, and by remembering the solemn promises we made him in his youth.

How swiftly pass our years!
How soon their night comes on;
A train of hopes and fears,
And human life is gone!
See, the fair summer now is past;
The foliage late that clad the trees
Stript by their equinoctial blast,
Falls, like the dew drops on the breeze.

Cold winter hastens on,
Fair nature feels his grasp;
Weeps over all her beauties gone,
And sighs their glory past.
So life, thy summer, soon will end;
Thine autumn too will quick decay,
And winter come, when thou shalt bend
Within the tomb to mould away.
But summer will return,
In all her beauties dressed!
Nature shall yet rejoice again,
And be by man caressed.

But ah! life's summer passed away,
Can never, never hope return!
Cold winter comes; with cheerless ray,
To beam upon its dreary urn!
Then may we daily seek
A mansion in the skies,
Where summers never cease,
And glory never dies!
There an eternal Spring shall bloom,
With joys as vast as angels' powers!
And thrice ten thousands harps in tune
Shall praise the love that made it ours.

Cibber one day calling on Booth, who he knew was at home, a female domestic denied him. Cibber took no notice of it at the time, but when a few days after, Booth paid him a visit in return, called out from the first floor that he was not at home. "how can that be?" said Booth, "do not I hear your voice?" "To be sure you do," replied Cibber; "But what then? I believed your servant maid, and it is hard indeed if you won't believe me."

A youth attending school having been smitten with a pretty face, consulted his preceptor whether he would advise him to conjugate? "No," replied the pedagogue, "I should say by all means, decline."

A Bengal paper states that a party of antiquarians, now engaged in making researches in the remote parts of Sangor district, have discovered an ancient temple of a curious and obsolete style of architecture, and bearing Sanscrit inscriptions which refer to a period antecedent to the Mahomedan conquest.

Owe no man.

This may be bad poetry, but depend upon it, it is excellent sense. It is an old saying that the debtor is a slave to his creditor. If so, half the world enter into voluntary servitude. The universal rage to buy on credit, is a serious evil in this country. Many a married man is ruined entirely by it.

Many a man goes into the store, for a single article. Looking around, twenty things strike his eye; he has no money, buys on credit. Foolish man! Pay day must come and ten chances to one, like death, it finds you unprepared to meet it. Tell me ye who have experienced it, did the pleasure of possessing the article bear any proportion to the pain of being called on to pay for it when you had it not in your power.

A few rules, well kept, will contribute much to your happiness and independence. Never buy what you do not really want. Never buy on credit when you can possibly do without. Take pride in being able to say, 'I owe no man.' Wives are sometimes thoughtless, daughters now and then extravagant. Many a time when neither the wife nor the daughter would willingly give a single pang to the father's bosom, they urge and tease him to get articles, pleasant enough to be sure to possess, but difficult for him to buy; he purchases on credit, is dunned—sued; and many an hour made wretched by their folly and imprudence. Old Robert presents his compliments to the ladies, and begs they would have the goodness to read the last eight lines once a week till they get them by heart, and then act as their own excellent disposition will direct.

Never owe your shoemaker, your tailor, your printer, your blacksmith, or laborer. Besides the bad policy of keeping in debt, it is downright injustice to those whose labor you have received all the benefits of.

How happy the man who owes not a pound,
But lays up his fifty every year that comes round!
He fears neither constable, sheriff nor dun;
To Bank or to Justice has never to run.
His cellar well filled, and his pantry well stor'd,
He lives far more blest than a prince or a lord:
Then take my advice, if a fortune you'd get,
"Pay off what you owe and keep out of debt."

A German farmer had the honor to be elected by his neighbors a representative from one of the counties in Pennsylvania.—When he returned he was interrogated by every one he met in this wise: 'Well, what has the legislature done?' To which he uniformly answered. 'I don't know.,' 'And what do you go for?'—'Four dollars a day.'

As two persons were walking in the street, one of them accidentally struck his foot against a small pail; his companion drily observed, "Why Sam you have kicked the bucket?" "Oh no," replied the other, "I have only turned a little pale."

The late Counsellor Calbeck, of the Irish bar, who drudged in his profession till he was near eighty, frequently went circuit as a judge of assize when any of the judges were prevented by illness. On one of these occasions a fellow was convicted before him at Wexford, for bigamy; and when the learned council came to pass sentence, after lecturing the fellow pretty roundly upon the nature of his luxurious crime, added: "The only punishment which the law authorises me to inflict is, that you be transported to parts beyond the seas for the term of seven years, but if I had my will, you should not escape with so mild a punishment, for I would sentence you for the term of your natural life—to live in the same house with both your wives."

To a Lady.

BY F. G. HALLECK.

The world is bright before thee,
Its summer flowers are thine,
Its calm blue sky is o'er thee,
Thy bosom virtue's shrine;
And thine the sunbeam given
To nature's morning hour,
Pure, warm, as when from heaven
It burned on Eden's bower.

There is a song of sorrow:
The death dirge of the gay,
That tells, ere dawn of morrow,
These charms may melt away;
That sun's bright beam be shaded,
That sky be blue no more,
The summer flower be faded,
And youth's warm promise o'er.

Believe it not—though lonely
The winning home may be;
Though beauty's bark can only
Float on a summer sea;
Though time thy bloom is stealing,
Thine's still beyond his art
The wild flower wreath of feeling—
The sunbeam of the heart.

A CURIOUS CASE.—In a Brussels paper it is stated that a man reported himself to the police as having stolen a set of golden ear rings "from the lady of his love," and demanded a committal to prison. After summoning the lady, her testimony gave the lie to his representation, and alledged that it was only a plan of her lover to prevent the performance of his promise to marry her—preferring confinement in the loathsome walls of a prison, to being united to a lovely woman.

Modes of Courtship.

Taking it for granted that the declaration of the sentiment of love is a privilege of the men, founded on nature and sanctioned by custom, the various modes of making that declaration by them, and of accepting or refusing it by the women, were we able to give a perfect account of it, would make one of the most curious and entertaining parts of human history, and equally furnish matter of speculation for the intelligent lady and the philosopher. It is taken as a general rule, that the declaration of love was the peculiar privilege

of the men; but as all general rules are liable to exception, there are also a few to this. An Israelitish widow had, by law, a power of claiming in marriage the brother of her deceased husband; in which case, as the privilege of the male was transferred to the female, that of the female was likewise transferred to the male; he had the power of refusing: the refusal, however, was attended with some mortifying circumstances; the woman whom he had thus slighted, was to come unto him in the presence of the elders of the city, and to loose the shoe from his foot, and spit in his face.

To man, by nature bold and intrepid, and invested with unlimited power of asking a refusal was of little consequence; but to woman, more timid and modest, and whose power of asking was limited to the brethren of her deceased husband, it was not only an affront, but a real injury, as every one would conclude that the refusal arose from some well-grounded cause, and would therefore despise the woman, that she could have but little chance of a future husband; hence, perhaps, it was thought necessary to fix some public stigma on the person who was so ungallant as not to comply with the addresses of a woman.

A custom somewhat similar to this remains at present among some of the Indian tribes, particularly the Hurons and Iroquois. When a wife dies, the husband is obliged to marry the sister, or, in her stead, the woman whom the family of the deceased wife shall choose for him. A widow is also obliged to marry one of the brothers of the deceased husband. The same custom is observed in the Caroline islands.

In the isthmus of Darien, we are told, the right of asking is promiscuously exerted by both sexes, who declare their love without the least embarrassment.

A NEW YEAR.—If it is not too late a day we will greet our subscribers with the customary wish of a "Happy New Year," as most of our cotemporaries have done; but though late we can do it in as much sincerity, and with as much good feeling as any of them. As we are in possession of a secret, which when known and put in practice, will, we think, tend in a measure to render the year a happy one, we esteem it our duty to divulge it. What do you think it is reader? why, simply pay the printer. Do you wish to see a happy man, find one who pays for his newspaper in advance, reads it with delight, and esteems next to his wife and children, and almost invariably you will find him to be at east contented, if not happy. And therefore we will say in the words of the Dutchman, "where is mine dollar."

The Buffalo Literary Inquirer has closed its second Volume, and is hereafter to be published weekly. It offers the following premiums for original productions, to be forwarded to the publishers, on or before the last day of the current year.

'A gold medal, or fifty dollars, to the writer of the best Tale, suitable for publication in the paper: a gold medal, or twenty-five dollars, to the writer of the best Biographical Sketch of some eminent character.

The following poem was one of the three compositions for which gold medals were awarded, at the recent annual examination of the Albany Female Academy :

Nature.

BY MISS LYNCH, OF HARTFORD.

O Nature! when for us thy forests rise,
Thy rivers flow, thy meads and lawns are spread,
Thy ocean rolls, thy mountains kiss the skies,
Thy sun and stars their brightest influence shed,
Gifted with visions, shall we close our eyes,
And leave the pages of thy book unread?
No! while the heavens and earth thy works declare,
Still let us read and learn, and humbly worship there.

Ascend the mountain top at morning's birth—
The ebon hue of night is vanishing,
The rising sun smiles o'er th'awakening earth,
And seems o'er all a magic spell to fling:
And each glad heart, with mingling joy and mirth,
Its morning sacrifice of praise doth bring,
To lay upon the shrine of Him, whose voice
First bade all nature smile, and earth and heaven rejoice.

Ascend the mountain top, and gaze around
On the wide field of her immensity:
Forest and hill and glen the echo sound
Of life and joy in tuneful revelry.
Methinks the sight would cause the sage profound,
The worshipper of chance, to bend the knee
To Him, th' eternal ruler of the skies,
Who, from chaotic gloom, bade this fair earth arise.

Far as the ear can hear, the eye can see,
Visions of beauty, sounds of sweetness rise;
The voice of songsters breathing melody,
The lark ascending to her native skies,
The murmuring river hast'ning to the sea,
Swells to a mimic roar, then gently dies;—
All send upon the passing breeze their song,
And echo's fainter voice the soothing strains prolong.

And spreading far and wide o'er the fenced fields,
The labors of the husbandman appear,
Where bounteous earth her liberal treasures yields,
And industry's reward waves rich and fair
The golden corn, by silken tresses veiled.
The clustering vines, chief object of his care,
The downy peach, and the fruit laden bough,
Beneath the weight of heaven's rich bounty bending low.

How mild and gentle is the balmy breeze
That floats around, the sweet perfume bestowing
It gathers from the lofty mountain trees,
And the low herbs beneath their shadows grow;
The breath of wild flowers mingling all with these,
In one soft tide of gratefulness fragrance flowing,
To charm the senses—can the works of Art,
As doth untutored Nature, sweetly touch the heart?

The scene is changed. Upon the air is borne
A fearful sound that strikes upon the ear:
In wrathful mood, the spirit of the storm
Wakes from his slumbers, shakes the earth with fear;
The aged oaks like sapling twigs are torn,
Cedars and pines, their lofty heads that rear
Among the clouds, are shivered and cast down—
Nurtured by nature's smile, now withered by her frown.

And o'er the ocean's boundless blue expanse,
That bore the mirror'd image of the sky,
The rushing billows now so wildly dance,
And towering, rear their crested heads on high,
Foaming and tearing in their fierce advance,
As borne by mighty strength to victory;

The affrighted earth beholds the maddened wave,
And in the ocean's depths, dreads her appointed grave.*

And oh! this raging war, this fearful sound!
Now the wild seas contend with wilder skies,
And "heaven's artillery" through the vast profound
Reverberates; and the forked lightning flies,
And climbing billows mingle and astound
The heart-struck mariner, whose frail bark lies
Between the dark abyss of the deep sea
And the red lightning's fires, raging tumultuously.

She reels—she totters—in the briny deep
She sinks, engulfed by the o'erwhelming wave,
To that abyss where countless thousands sleep,
"Unknelt uncoffined," in a nameless grave,
O'er whose sad fate the eyes of beauty weep:
The sire, the son, the gentle and the brave,
Rest side by side upon the crystal floor
Of ocean's depths, far down beneath its maddening roar.

"Dark heaving deep!" beneath thy bosom's swell,
Where the red branches of the coral wave,
Within the grotto and the sparry cove,
How many a manly form has found a grave,
And sunk into thy depths without a knell;
And thy blue waters scarce a ripple gave,
To tell where he within his lowly bed,
Shall sleep, until the mighty seas give up their dead.

Ocean! thou rollest in majesty sublime,
On through thy trackless path, as thou hast rolled
Throughout all ages; and relentless Time
Upon thy front has left no record scolded,
As he hath done on every coast and clime
Where thy wild waves have wandered uncontrolled;
For none but He thy raging can command,
Who holds thy waters in the hollow of his hand.

The storm is hushed—o'er mountain sea and hill,
The voice hath passed that heaven and earth obey;
The elements have heard its "Peace be still,"
And now in silence all, they die away
Without a murmur, waiting to fulfill
His high commands, whose universal sway
Extends through boundless space—the present, past,
All-wise, omnipotent, eternal, first and last.

The moon is up—the majestic queen of night,
And as she glides in stately majesty,
The silvery stars shine forth a twinkling light
O'er the blue concave of the eternal sky,
While fleecy clouds in borrowed splendor bright,
Bespangle the o'erarching canopy.
How calm, how holy—O how sweet the scene
Beneath her chastened light and azure sky serene!

Day unto day, thou bright and glorious sky,
Night unto night, thy wonders all declare
The glories of the King enthroned on high;
There is no language, speech or nation, where
Thy voice is silent—Earth doth magnify
And tell how great His wondrous workings are,
Who through all worlds, all nature reigns,
Whose word created, and whose power maintains.†

* Arnet says, that owing to natural causes already in operation, the earth can have but a limited existence in its present state; and unless new convulsions of nature disturb the progress of the ocean, or art succeed in shutting it out by dykes or embankments, the dry land must at last disappear, and another deluge gradually submerge the earth.

† This stanza is intended as a paraphrase of a part of the 8th and 19th Psalms.

Married.

In this city by Rev. Dr. Croswell, Mr. Allen N. Smith, to Miss Puella E. Deforest.

In St. Paul's Chapel, on Christmas day, by the Rev. Dr. Croswell, Capt. Russel Hotchkiss, Jun. to Miss Catharine E., daughter of Samuel Wadsworth, Esq. both of this city.

In Boston (Mass.) on Thursday evening, by the Rev. Dr. Winslow, Mr. Ozro Kimball, deaf and dumb, to Miss Hannah Marshall, deaf and dumb; the bridesmaid and groomsmen being deaf and dumb.

At East Haddam, Mr. Ezra Clark of Saybrook, to Miss Julia Hubbard.

In Betheny, Mr. Isaac Nettleton to Miss Patty Merwin.

Died.

In this city on the 21st inst. Mrs. Lucinda Higgins, aged 60 years.

In this city on the 25th inst. Mrs. Eliza Dingley, aged 48.

In this town, (Westville) on the 26th inst. Mr. William Scovill, aged 48.

Fancy Articles &c.

THE subscriber has for sale at No. 123 Chapel Street directly opposite Central Row, a great variety of Fancy Articles, recently received from New York, such as Dressing Cases, Work Boxes, Pencil Cases, Bronze, Steel and Wood Screw Cushions, Pocket Books, Souvenirs, Albums, Bead, Leather and Silk Purses, Card Cases, Porcelain Tablets, Fancy Inkstands, Fancy Boxes, Perfumery and Fashionable Games.

FRED'K CROSWELL.

New Haven, Jan. 4, 1834.

COMPOUND TOOTH LOTION.

FOR cleansing the teeth, and mouth, and removing a disordered state of the gums; also, giving a peculiar sweetness to the breath, by J. B. WHEAT, Surgeon Dentist, New Haven.

This wash, when judiciously used, will be found exceedingly useful to the Teeth, producing a healthy state of the gums, and is almost indispensable in treating diseases of the soft parts about the mouth. It will exert no pernicious influence upon the teeth; but is very beneficial in removing an irritable state of them.—It stands pre-eminently above all other kinds in use—it has high recommendations from the first physicians and dentists in the country—some of them professors in the medical department in Yale College, to whom we have the liberty of referring. We deem it not necessary here to give the recommendations in full, as they will be found on handbills and labels accompanying the wash. The best test of its merit is its use.

We refer to Professor Silliman. Doct. T. P. Beers, Professors in the medical department of Yale College; Docts. V. M. Dow, and D. H. Moore, M. D.'s of New Haven; Doct. D. C. Ambler, M. D., Dentist, New York—besides many others, whose opinions are valuable.

Sold wholesale and retail, by

SMITH & TROWBRIDGE,

Agents for the Proprietor.

Oct. 12.

14

THE LITERARY TABLET

Is published every other Saturday, at the Office of WHITMORE & BUCKINGHAM, No. 1, Marble Block, Chapel St. New Haven, Ct., by

G. M. BUCKINGHAM.

TERMS.—The TABLET will be published semi-monthly, at \$1 00 a year in advance; or \$1 50, at the end of three months. Mail subscribers will in all cases be required to pay in advance. A discount of 20 per cent. will be made to persons who procure six or more subscribers.

Persons sending letters or communications by mail, must pay the postage thereon.